POEMS.

By

J. C.

WITH

ADDITIONS.

Printed in the Year 1651.

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Yo
A p
Her
Bea
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And
To
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The
Bro
Daz

TO THE STATE of LOVE, OR, *The Senſes Feſtival.*

I Saw a Viſion yeſternight
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* ſight:
I wiſht my ſelf a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulſe my trembling ſphear.
It was a She ſo glittering bright:
You'd think her ſoul an *Adamite.*
A perſon of ſo rare a frame,
Her bodie might be lin'd with'ſame.
Beauties chiefeſt Maid of Honour:
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbeſs of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can ſhew me ſuch a glorious prize.
And yet, becauſe 't is more renown
To make a ſhadow ſhine, ſhe's brown;
A brown, for which, Heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and ſtars be tann'd.
Brown by reflection, as her eye
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſſe,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendour of her face,
Do th' office of a burning-glaſs.
Now, where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her own.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine arms,
(Loves Compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels, to a Compaſs too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtrait-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the Waſte?
My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd,
With *Drake*, I compaſs in the world.
I hoop the Firmament, and make;
This my Embrace the Zodiack.
How would thy Center take my Senſe,
When Admiration doth commence,
At the extream Circumference.
Now to the melting kiſs that ſips
The jelly'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet, there is no tongue can phras't,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th' billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe Ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which, whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They 're Privie Seals to take up hearts.

Our

Our Mouthes encountering at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoul had quit the fort,
But that ſhe ſtopt the Salley-port.
Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence,
As Twin-conſerves of Eloquence;
The ſweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this Votreſs needs,
Her very ſyllables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born;
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her ſpeech doth enter,
It is a kiſs oth' ſecond venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſomond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my Ear.
Yet, that 's but a preludious bliſs;
Two ſouls pickearing in a kiſs.
Embraces do but draw the Line,
'T is ſtorming that muſt take her in.
When Bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equal fluttering Lovers,
This is the game, make ſtakes my Dear,
Hark how the ſprightly *Chanticlere*,
That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
Sounds *Boot-eſel* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the paſs is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
Who would not die upon the ſpot.

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming trade,
Geld the looſe wits, and let the Muſe be ſplaid.
Charge not the pariſh with the baſtard phraſe
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias,
Of ſhrine, ſaint, ſacriledge, and ſuch as theſe
Expreſſions, common as their Miſtreſſes.
Hence ye fantaſtick Poſtillers in ſong,
My text defeats your art, ties natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinſil'd metaphors of pelf,
Illuſtrated by nothing but his ſelf.
As Spiders travel by their bowels ſpun
Into a thread, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt again each Panegyrick line.
Reach then a ſoaring Quill that I may write,
As with a Jacobs ſtaff to take the height.
Suppoſe an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to Heaven, that Intelligence
Should for a Sunday-ſuit thy breath condenſe

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a ſtring
In ventring higher; were the note I ſing
Above heavens *Ela*, ſhould I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* ſound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor find an Epithet to ſet it forth.
Mettals may blazon common beauties, ſhe
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldy.
As then a purer ſubſtance is defin'd,
But by an heap of Negatives combin'd;
Ask what a ſpirit is, you'l hear them crie
It hath no matter, no mortalitie:
So can I not define how ſweet, how fair,
Onely I ſay ſhe's not as others are.
For what perfections we to others grant,
It is her ſole perfection to want.
All other forms ſeem in reſpect of thee
The Almanacks miſshap'd Anatomie,
Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the ſecrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſak'd ſigns in their ſtrange character.
As the Philoſophers to every Sence
Marry its object, yet with ſome diſpence,
And grant them a polygamie withal,
And theſe their *common Senſibles* they call:
So is't with her, who ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The ſame beam heats and lights; to ſee her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to taſte and ſmell.

For can you want a palate in your eyes,
When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can th'eyes want noſe,
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Roſe?
Or can the ſight be deaf, if ſhe but ſpeak,
A well-tun'd face ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flaſh of light'ning feel
Which ſpare the bodies ſheath, and melts the ſteel?
Thy ſoul muſt needs confeſs. or grant thy ſence
Corrupted with the objects excellence.
Sweet Magick, which can make five ſences lye
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom ſince all the Five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt.
Thou man of mouth, that canſt not name a She
Unleſs all nature pay a Subſidie,
Whoſe language is a Tax, whoſe Musk-cat verſe
Voids nought but flowers for thy Muſes herſe,
Fitter than *Celia*'s looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradice:
And with Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſent,
Canſt in her boſom find it reſident.
Now come aloft, come, come and breath a vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer, who ſpells the Stars,
In that fair Alphabet reads Peace and Wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets Heavens phiſiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Phy-

Phyſitians: call her the *Square Circle*, ſay
She is the very rule of *Algebra*.
What ere you undertake not, ſay 't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'ſt to raiſe
Thy fanſie ſo as to incloſe her praiſe,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Cookko hedge,
Hyperboles are here but ſacriledge.
Then rouſe up Muſe, what thou haſt reveal'd out
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance,
She that commits a rape on every ſence,
Whoſe breath can countermaund a peſtilence,
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baſled Poetry hangs down her head,
She, ſhe it is, She that contains all bliſs,
And make the world but her Periphraſis.

UPON

UPON Sir THOMAS MARTIN,

Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus: *We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee*, &c. when there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence apiece
(Which *Africke* never bred, nor ſwelling *Greece*
With ſtories timpany) a beaſt ſo rare
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Bartlemew* Fare
Can match him; Natures whimſey, one that out-vyes
Tredeskin, and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious ſights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*:
But is this bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas*, and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſſachar Couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers:
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in thy Warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orſon* bound together,
Spurs repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs* Table:
Who in this ſacrilegious maſs of all
It ſeems ha's ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpital.

Pair-

Pair-royal headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee whoſe forked neck
Might well have anſwered at the Font for *Smeck*:
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie
Mettal on Mettal is ill Armorie.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin*'s coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great ſpirits move not by pedantick laws,
Their actions though eccentrick, ſtate the cauſe,
And *Priſcan* bleeds with honour; *Cæſar* thus
Subſcrib'd two Conſuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, ſcarce Yeoman high,
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy?
Fond man! whoſe fate is in his name betray'd,
It is the ſetting Sun doubles his ſhade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On

On the memory of M. Edward King, *drown'd in the* Iriſh *Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who ſcans his eyes.
Mine weep down pious beads: but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no Poet here; my pen's the ſpout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes runs out
In pitie of that Name, whoſe fate we ſee
Thus copi'd out in griefs Hydrography.
The Muſes are not Mair-maids; though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon.*
The Sea's too rough for verſe; who rhimes upon't
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter th' *Helleſpont.*
My tears will keep no channel, know no laws
To guid their ſtreams; but (like the waves their cauſe)
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me
As a deſcription of his miſerie.
But can his ſpacious virtue find a grave
Within th' impoſtum'd bubble of a wave?
Whoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſs'
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſs.
Could not the Winds to counter-maund thy death,
With their whole card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep,
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep?
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought
With no leſs wonder than thy ſelf was thought.
The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,

Be-

Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophie.
An ominous Legacy, that did portend
Thy fate, and Predeceſſours ſecond end!
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find
The ſea can parallel in ſhape, and kind:
Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Univerſiitie.
We'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred reliques of mortality
Shall welcome ſtorms, and make the Sea-men prize
His ſhipwrack now more than his merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the waves, and to thy Tomb
As to a *Royaller Exchange* ſhall come.
What can we now expect? water, and fire,
Both elements our ruine do conſpire;
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound:
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſs,
To underſtand the greatneſs of our loſs,
Be Pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
In learning, as our ſorrows overflow.
When we have fil'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
We'l iſſue't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas,
We floating Iſlands, living *Hebrides*.

On

On the ſame.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks* : canſt thou tell
Who 't was, that when the waves began to ſwell,
The ſhip to ſink, ſad paſſengers to call,
[Maſter we periſh] ſlept ſecure of all ?
Remember this, and him that waking kept
A mind as conſtant as he did that ſlept.
Canſt thou give credit to his zeal and love ,
That went to Heaven, and to thoſe flames above
Wrapt in a fiery chariot ? Since I heard
Who 't was, that on his knees the Veſſel ſteer'd
With hands bolt up to Heaven, ſince I ſee
As yet no ſign of his mortality ;
Pardon me, Reader, if I ſay he's gone
The ſelf ſame journey in a watry one.

The Hue and Cry after Sir *John Presbyter*.

WIth Hair in Characters, and Lugs in Text;
With a ſplay mouth, & a noſe circumflext;
With a ſet Ruff of Musket bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
Exhauſted of their ſulphurous Contents,
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bomball vents;
The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes, iſſuing from his mouth;
The Buſh upon his chin, (like a carv'd ſtory,
In a Box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams Confeſſion hanging at his ear, (*Where*,
Wiredrawn through all the queſtions, *How* and
Each circumſtance, ſo in the hearing Felt,
That when his ears are cropt, he'l count them gelt;
The ſweeping Caſſock ſcar'd into a Jump,
A ſign the *Presbyter's* worn to the ſtump:
The *Presbyter*, though charm'd againſt miſchance
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
What zealous Frenzie did the *Senate* ſeize,
That tare the *Rotchet* to ſuch Rags as theſe?
Epiſcopacy minc't, Reforming *Tweed*
Hath ſent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a Device
That's nick-name to the ſtuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.
The Beaſt at wrong end branded, you may trace

The Devills footſteps in his cloven Face.
A Face of ſeverall Pariſhes and ſorts,
Like to a Sergeant ſhav'd at Inns of Court.
What mean the *Eldders* elſe, thoſe Kirk *Dragoons*,
Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons*?
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
Thoſe new *Exchange-men* of *Religion*?
Sure they're the *Antick heads*, which plac'd without
The Church, go gape and diſembogue a ſpout:
Like them above the *Commons Houſe*, have bin
So long without, now both are gotten in;
Then, what Imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the Scotch Executor rebounds.
This ſtating *Prelacy*, the *Claſſick* Rout,
That ſpake it often, ere it ſpake it out.
So by an Abbies Scheleton of late,
I heard an Eccho Supererogate
Through imperfection, and the voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the hicop o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Diocaſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline;
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall,
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt.
With the five thumbs *of his* groat-changing *Fiſt.*
Down DagonSynod *with thy motley ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer.
That Dove-like Embaſſie, that wings our ſence
To heavens gate in ſhape of innocence:

Pray

Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and deſie
Theſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For where Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all-trades joyns,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelat's *Loyns.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOR ſhame, thou everlaſting Woer,
Still ſaying Grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in Contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the Waiſt.
Unleſſe your Flame confeſſe its Gender,
And your Parley cauſe ſurrender;
Y'are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untouch't amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion* ;
As hard and un-relenting She,
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of Statue carry
A Nunne of the Platonick Quarrey?
Love melts the rigor which the rocks have bred,
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe for to Candy up your ſelves:
No more, you Sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.

Women Commence by *Cupids* Dart;
As a Kings Hunting dubs a Hart.
Loves Votaries inthrall each others ſoul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertue's no more in Women-kind
But the green-ſickneſſe of the mind.
Philoſophy, their new delight,
A kind of Charcoal Appetite.
There's no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all-convincing Love aſſails:
But the diſputing Petticoat will Warp,
As skilfull Gameſters are to ſeek at Sharp.

The ſouldier, that man of Iron,
Whom Ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's ſtrung with Wire, in ſtead of Veins,
In whoſe imbraces you're in chains,
Let a Magnetick Girle appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuiraſeer.
Love ſtorms his lips, and takes the Fortreſſe in,
For all the Briſled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The Breaſt-works of the firmeſt Sex,
Come let's in Affections Riot,
Th'are ſickly pleaſures keep a Diet.
Give me a Lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch't with Formality;
Like an Embaſſador that beds a Queen,
With the Nice Caution of a ſword between.

Vpon an Hermaphrodite.

SIr, or Madame, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together:
And makes thy ſoul two garbes confeſſe,
Both Petticoat and Breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of *Wine*,
With water that is Feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt;
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt:
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout Wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnity.
For man and wife make but one right
Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*.
Ravell thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind.
Who would not think that head a pair,
That breeds ſuch faction in the hair?
One halfe ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather then indure ſo much,
I would my tender limbs apparell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:

But the other halfe ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A ſtring for his invis'ble bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orbe contains both Sun and Moon.
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of hair
And thy nether beards deſpair.
When thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found.
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This the ſiſter, that the brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands, my eare ſtill fancies
The Nuptiall ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft, and rough;
This a Gantlet, that a Muffe:
Had ſly *Ulyſſes*, at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nicomedes Phillis*,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The Needle, that the warlike ſteel.

When

When muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes thy left to dance.
Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, but thy heart.
Nay thoſe which modeſt can mean,
And dare not ſpeak, are Epicœne;
That Gameſter needs muſt overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Natures mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Philip and Mary*.

The Authors Hermaphrodite, *made after Mr.* Randolphs *death, yet inſerted into his Poems.*

PRobleme of Sexes; muſt thou likewiſe be
As diſputable in thy Pedigree?
Thou twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw leſſe then Aumes-ace upon two Dice:
Wer't thou ſerv'd up two in one diſh, the rather
To ſplit thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds ſcales are even: what the main
In one place gets, another quits again.
Nature loſt one by thee, and therefore muſt
Slice one in two, to keep her number juſt:

Plurality of livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute)
Who 'tis that fame doth ſuperinſtitute.
The *Theban* Wittall, when he once deſcries,
Iove is his rivall, falls to ſacrifice:
That name hath tipt his hornes: ſee, on his knees,
A health to Hans-en-Kelder *Hercules.*
Nay ſublunary Cuckolds are content
To entertain their Fate with complement;
And ſhall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe both Arms and Brains?
Grammercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th got a leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talk not of hornes, horns are the Poets Creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolphs* quill,
Cuckold *Pernaſſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay, I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the worms for his Compurgators.
Can Ghoſt have naturall ſonnes? ſay *Ogg*, is't meet,
Penance bear date after the winding ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove, being there's two combin'd)

It would diſclaim my right: and that it were
The lawfull iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.
But was he dead? did not his ſoul tranſlate
Her ſelf into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or break up houſe, like an expenſive Lord,
That gives his purſe a ſob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
And ſtill there's hopes 't may prove his baſtard imp.
But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one,
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
I'th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.
For you my brat, that poſe the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Ioan*, or whatſoere you are,
You are an nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unleſſe the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The ſun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of thy Poetry.
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this Verſe is Male, but mine
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancie Fœminine:
Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no ſlaughter,
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

Square-Cap.

COme hither *Apollo's* bouncing Girle,
And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our ſelves merry:
A Cambridge-Laſſe, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
Of an old half-fill'd Jug of Barley broth,
She, ſhe is my Miſtris, her Suiters are many,
But ſhee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere ſhe have any.

And firſt for the Pluſh-ſake the *Monmouth-cap* coms,
Shaking his head like an empty bottle;
With his new-fangled Oath, *By Iupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
He ſhall have---- God knows what *per annum*:
But ſtill ſhe replies, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for mee.

Then Calot-*Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads,
And fain would derive the pedigree of faſhion:
The *Antipodes* weare their ſhoes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſt on *S. Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhe replied, &c.

Next

Next comes the Puritan in a *wrought-Cap*,
With a long-waſted conſcience towards a Siſter,
And making a Chappell of Eaſe of her lap,
Firſt he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replied, you Text (Sir) I'le be,
For then I'm ſure you'l ne'r handle me.

But ſee where *Sattin-Cap* ſcouts about, (marry,
And faine would this wench in his fellowſhip
He told her how ſuch a man was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry.
Hee'l purchaſe Induction by Simony,
And offers her money her Incumbent to be.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his *round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
Come leave theſe thred-bare Schollers, quoth he,
And give me livery and ſeaſon of thee:
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
For if ever I have a man *Square-cap* for me.

Vpon Phillis *walking in a morning before Sun-riſing.*

THe ſluggiſh morn, as yet undreſt,
My *Phyllis* brake from out her Eaſt;
As if ſhee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Uſher to the Sun.
The trees, like Yeomen of her Guard,
Serving more for pomp, then ward,
Bank'd on each ſide with loyall duty,
Wave branches to incloſe her beauty.
The Plants whoſe luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt;
Whoſe wooden carkaſes are grown
To be but coffins of their own;
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his ancient ſoul.
The winged Choriſters began
To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan
Of whiſtling winds, like Organs, plai'd,
Untill their Voluntaries made
The wakned earth in odours riſe,
To be her morning-Sacrifice.
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start, and raiſe up their drowſie heads:
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,

Where

Where Roſes mix: no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*.
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers face
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs, and ſhuts up her gawdy ſhop;
Miſtakes her kue, and doth diſplay:
Thus *Phyllis* antidates the day.
Theſe miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizled locks,
To ſee what Saint his luſtre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and ſhade,
Like lattice-windows, give the ſpie
Room but to peep with half an eye;
Leaſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,
Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd day.
But what religious Palſie's this
Which makes the boughs diveſt their Bliſs?
And that they might her footſteps ſtraw,
Drop their leaves with ſhivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and (leaſt her ſtay
Should wed October unto May;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumne bring)

With-drew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her curate light.

Vpon a Miſer *that made a great feaſt, and the next day died for grief.*

NOr 'ſcapes he ſo: our dinner was ſo good,
My liquoriſh Muſe cannot but chew the cood:
And what delight ſhe took i th' invitation,
Strives to taſt o're again in this relation.
After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rithme,
Not for devotion, but to ta e up time,
March't the train'd-band of diſhes uſher'd there,
To ſhew their poſtures, and then *as they were.*
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the Lovers gluttony;
This is a feaſt, a muſter, not a fight,
Our weapons not for ſervice but for ſight.
But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limner, for to view, not eat?
Th' Aſtrologers keep ſuch *Houſes* when they ſup
On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
Whatever feaſts he made are ſum'd up here,
His table vyes not ſtanding with his cheare.
His Churchings Chriſt'nings, in this meal are all,
And not tranſcrib'd, but i'th Originall.

Chriſtmas

Chriſtmas is no Feaſt moveable: for loe
The ſelf-ſame dinner was ten years ago:
'Twill be immortall if it longer ſtay,
The Gods will eat it for *Ambroſia*.
But ſtay awhile, unleſſe my whinyard fail,
Or it inchanted, I'le cut off th' intail.
Saint George for England then: have at the mutton,
When the firſt cut calls me blood-thirſty glutton:
What *Ajax* with his anger quodl'd brain
Killing a ſheep, thought *Agamemnon* ſlain:
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his roſt,
I lamentably butcher up mine hoſt.
Such ſympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it ca ves his Capon.
Cut a Gooſe-leg, and the poor ſoul for moan
Turns Creeple too, and after ſtands on one.
Have you not heard th' abominable ſport
A *Lancaſter* Grand Jury will report?
The ſouldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feaſt, when lufty *Will*
Whips off great Puſſes leg, which by ſome charm
Proves the next day ſuch an old womans arm:
'Tis ſo with him, whoſe carkaſe never 'ſcapes,
But ſtill we ſlaſh him in a thouſand ſhapes.
Our ſerving-men like Spaniells rang, to ſpring
The fowl which he hath clockt under his wing.
Should he on Widgeon, or on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyeſtes* like) on his own breed.

T

To pork he pleads a ſuperſtition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sawces we ſhould have none, had he his wiſh,
The Oranges i'th margent of the diſh,
He with ſuch Hucſters tells them o're and o're,
The *Heſperian* Dragon never watcht them more.
But being eaten now into deſpair,
Having nought elſe to do, he falls to prayer.
As thou didſt once put on the form of Bull,
And turnſt thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
May live to comfort me in all this grief.
But no *Amen* was ſaid: See, ſee it comes,
Draw boys, let Trumpets ſound, & ſtrike up Drums.
See how his blood doth with the gravy ſwim,
And every trencher has a limb of him.
The Ven'ſons now in view, our hounds ſpend deeper,
Strange Deer, which in the Paſty hath a Keeper
Stricter then in the Park, making his gueſt
(As he had ſtoln't alive) to ſteal it dreſt:
The ſcent was hot, and we purſuing faſter,
Then *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chas'd their Maſter,
A double prey at once may ſeize upon,
Actæon and his Caſe of Veniſon:
Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worſe
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond courſe.
Should we, like *Thratians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd only to ſave his meat.

A young Man to an old Woman Courting him.

PEace Beldam *Eve*; ſurceaſe thy ſuit:
There's no temptation in ſuch fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whilſt there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy ſtock is too much out of date
For tender plants t' inoculate.
A match with thee, thy bridegroom fears,
VVould be thought Int'reſt in his years;
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam ſumme.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a curſe
As putting husbands out to Nurſe?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would miſtake,
And cry new Almanacks for our ſake?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about his year,
December meeting *Janiveer*.
Th' Egyptian Serpent figures time,
And ſtript, returns unto his Prime:
If my affection thou would'ſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy ſmack.
I count that primitive embrace,
As out of faſhion as thy face.
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy Fornications Claſſicall.

Our

Our ſports wil differ: thou may'ſt play,
Leero, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'me no Tranſlator; have no vein
To turn a woman young again:
Unleſſe you'l grant the Tailor's due,
To ſee the forebodies be new:
I love to wear cloaths that are fluſh.
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh:
Like Aldermen, or Monſter-Sheriffs,
With Canvas backs, and velvet ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy ſalve and Treacle, ply
Your tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six penni-worth of Mountebank.
Or chew thy cood on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight*.
Or be but bedrid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthfull ſins agen.
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken, and attend my Vowes.
" When *Ætnas* fires ſhall undergo
" The penance of the *Alps* in ſnow,
" When *Sol* at one blaſt of his horn
" Poſts from the *Crab* to *Capricorn*,
" When th' Heavens ſhuffle all in one,
" The Torrid with the Frozen *Zone*;

When

" When all theſe contradictions meet,
"Then (*Sybill*) thou and I will greet.
"For all theſe ſimilies do hold
" In my young heat and thy dull cold;
" Then if a Feaver be ſo good
" A Pimp, as to inflame thy bloud,
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee, and thy Page
The diſtinct Tropicks of mans age.
Well (Madam time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Pery wig be call'd.
I'le never be 'ſtead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. *who ask't him why he was dumb.*

STay, ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vain would be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throws me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely (as you hear me) dumb.

Ask but the Chap-falne Puritan,
Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man:
For heat of Conſcience, all men hold,
Is th' only way to catch their cold.
How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay your religion, which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence;
As th' Engliſh Dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak, that twice am checkt
By this and that Religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpie
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity.
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, leaſt they cancell all the bliſſe
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
(With a ſtrange *E-la* to my eyes;
Where it gets bail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence.

Oh

Oh liſten with attentive ſight
To what my pratling eyes indite:
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;
Kiſſe once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muſe ſhall write with Handmaids duty
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbneſſe now confines,
But mean- to ſpeak the reſt by ſigns.

I. C.

A Faire Nymph ſcorning a Black Boy Courting her.

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
Why ſhould the ſmoa purſue the fair?
Boy. My face is ſmoak, thence may be gueſt
What flames within have ſcorch'd my breſt.
Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps loves Taper
Surer then yours, that's of white paper.

Whatever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-ſhine of your light can clear.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipſe is 'fraid,
If thou ſhouldſt interpoſe thy ſhade.
Boy. Yet one thing (ſweet-heart) I wil ask,
Buy me for a new falſe Mask.
Nympth. Yes: but my bargain ſhall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kiſſe.
Boy. Our curl'd imbraces ſhall delight
To checquer limbs with black, and white.
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſſe,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a Preſſe;
And in our ſports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram
Boy. Why ſhould my black thy love impair?
Let the dark ſhop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'le ſtrive to waſh it off with tears.
Nymph. Spare fruitleſſe tears, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds.
Tears can no more affection win,
Then waſh thy Ethiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two Zealots, upon the &c. in the Oath.

SIr *Roger*, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Childrens threes;
Whoſe yearly Audit may, by ſtrict accompt,
To twenty Nobles, and his Vails amount;
Fed on the Common of the ſemall charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;
So ſhotten, that his ſoul, like to himſelf,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this ſame Clergy Elf,
Encount'ring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to Cudgells with the Oath.
The Quarrell was a ſtrange miſ-ſhapen Monſter,
&c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neſt
Of young *Apocryphaes*, the faſhion
Of a new mentall Reſervation.
While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by Revelation know it better
Then all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beam:

I ſay to thee *&c.* thou li'ſt,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babel*, for who will not ſay
Tongues were confounded in *&c.*?
Who ſwears *&c.* ſwears more oaths at once
Then *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds.
Accurſt *&c.* thou, for now I ſcent
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
This ſign in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernall plot
Of powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it.
'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
Shall keep another fifth day of November.
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruſs
&c. it's ſo abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd,
Unrip *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
Th' Apparatour upon his skew-bald horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too far to ſwear:
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile]
A York-ſhire Wea-bit, longer then a mile.

Then

Then *Roger* was inſpir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
Hee'l ſwear in words at large, and not in figures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loth
To leave *&c.* in his liquid Oath.
His brother pledg'd him, and that bloudy wine,
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline.*
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite ſworn out th' eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw and heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their Tribe were all *&c.*

Smectymnuns, *or the Club-Divines.*

S*Mectymnuns?* the Goblin makes me ſtart:
I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick?* or *Welſh?* what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that Babel built.
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it:
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt-Saxon Poet.
But do the brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A Name which if'twere train'd would ſpread a mile?
The Saints Monoply, the zealous cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a Muſter
And ſhoots his quills at Biſhops and their Sees,
A devout litter of young *Maccabees.*

Thus Jack-of-all-trades hath devoutly ſhowne
The twelve Apoſtles on a Cherry-ſtone.
Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treaſons faſhion;
Now we have Hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Roſary of Slaves
Strung on a chain; A Murnivall of Knaves
Packt in a trick; like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vain Satyriſts ſtand all a row;
As hallow teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th' *Italian* Monſter pregnant with his brother,
Natures *Dyæreſis*, half one another,
He, with his little ſides man *Lazarus*,
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge-Fair* is *Smec's*; for loe his ſide
Into a five fold *Lazar's* ſhultiplied.
Under each arm there's tuckt a double Gyſſard,
Five faces lurk under one ſingle vizzard.
The Whore of *Babylon* left theſe brats behind,
Heirs of confuſion by *Gavel-kind*.
I think *Pythagoras's* ſoul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her generall Ward-robe, ſhee'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
He ſtops the Goſſopping Dame; alone he is
The Purlew of a *Metempſucheſis*.
Like a Scotch mark, where the more modeſt ſenſe
Checks the loud phraſe, and ſhrinks to 13. pence:

Like

Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whoſe flame,
Though ſometimes tripartite, joyns in the ſame:
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly ſpell'd,
Into one man, are monyſyllabled.
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle penny.
See, ſee, how cloſe the Curs hunt under a ſheet,
As if they ſpent in Quire, and ſcan'd their feet;
One Cure, and five Incumbents leap a truſs,
The title ſure muſt be litigious.
The *Sadduces* would raiſe a queſtion,
Who muſt be *Smec* at the Reſurrection.
Who cook'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wyre-drawn, and ſpun out their name,
'Twould make another Prentiſes Petition
Againſt the Biſhops, and their Superſtition.
Robſon and *French* (that count from five to five
As farre as nature fingers did contrive,
She ſaw they would be Seſſers, that's the cauſe
She cleft their hoof into ſo many claws)
May tire their Carret-bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Polemonie.
Caligula, whoſe pride was mankinds bail,
As who diſdain'd to murder by retail;
Wiſhing the world had but one generall Neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec*.
No Eccho can improve the Author more,
Whoſe lungs paies uſe on uſe to half a ſcore.

No Fellon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both ſuperſcribes his ſhoulder and his hand.
Some Welch-man was his God-father, for he
Wears in his name his Genealogy.
The Banes are askt, would but the times give way,
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera*.
The Gueſts invited by a friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation, and the Commons.
The Prieſt to tye the Foxes tails together,
Moſeley, or *Sancta Clara*, chuſe you whether.
See, what an off-ſpring every one expects!
What ſtrange pluralities of men and Sects?
One ſaies hee'l get a Veſtery, another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the Mother.
Faith cry *St. George*, let them go to't, and ſtickle,
VVhether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.
Thus might Religions caterwaul, and ſpight,
Which uſes to divorce, might once unite.
But their croſſe fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride diſplai'd.
My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt;
So many Cards, it'h ſtock, and yet be bilkt?
I could by letters now untwiſt the rabble;
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another dreſſing,
Only kneel down, and take your Fathers bleſſing.
May the *Queen-Mother* juſtifie your fears,
And ſtretch her Patent to your leather-ears.

The

The Mixt Aſſembly.

FLeabitten Synod, an Aſſembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame Woolpack Clergy by their ſide.
Who askt the Banes 'twixt theſe diſcolour'd Mates?
A ſtrange *Groteſco* this, the Church and States
(Moſt divine tick-tack) in a pye-bald crew,
To ſerve as table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
By picture, when the parents both were fair,
At ſight of you had born a dappled ſon,
You chequering her 'magination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but ſeen you ſit, the dams
Had brought forth ſpeckled & ringſtreaked lambs.
Like an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whoſe Scarlet Coat is with a Caſſock lin'd.
Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
Like *Royſton* Crows, who are (as I may ſay)
Friers of both the Orders *Black* and *Gray*.
So mixt they are, one knows not whethers thicker,
A Layre of *Burgeſſe*, or a Layre of *Vicar*.
Have they uſurp'd what Royall *Judah* had?
And now muſt *Levi* too part ſtakes with *Gad*?

The

The Scepter and the Croſier are the Crutches,
Which if not truſted in their pious Clutches,
Will fail the Criple State. And were't not pity
But both ſhould ſerve the yardwand of the City?
That *Iſaac* might ſtroak his beard, and ſit
Judge of εἰς ἄδ and *Elegerit*.
Oh that they were in chalk and charcole drawn!
The Miſſelany Satyr, and the Fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twiſted nature
But faintly repreſent this ridling feature,
Whoſe Members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellows at the Reſurrection.
Strange ſcarlet Doctors theſe, they'l paſſe in ſtory
For ſinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobſters, where there joyntly rules
The fading Sables, and the coming Gules.
The flea that *Falſtaffe* damn'd, thus lewdly ſhews
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Noſe,
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This ſhoulder *John-a-Styles*, that *John-a-Noaks*.
Like Jews and Chriſtians in a ſhip together,
With an old Neck-verſe to diſtinguiſh either.
Like their intended Diſcipline to boot,
Or whatſoe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their ſtript-ſtuffe hangings ſeem to be,
Sacriledge matcht with Codpeece-ſymony;
Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Woolſie Veſtry-men.

Forbear

Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwearing:
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of Bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
He that the Noble *Percyes* blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiahs* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See, they obey the Magick of my words.
Preſto; they're gone, and now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg
But with three teeth, like to a triple gagg.
A Jig, a Jig; and in this Antick dance
Fielding, and doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance.
Twiſs blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving braſe
Puts on the traces, and treads Cinqu-a-pace.
Then *Say and Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpl'd *Palmer* make a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her ſhoulder.
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*.
If *Burges* get a clap, 'tis ne're the worſe,
But the fift time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy; good ſadneſſe, cannot dance
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Her

Her *Wharton* wheels about till *Mumping Lidy*,
Like the full Moon, hath made his Lordſhip giddy.
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levy
T'incounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy.
If they two truck together; will not be
A Childbirth, but a Goal-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himſelf,
And well may be; there's more Divines in him
Then in all this their Jewiſh *Sanhedrim*:
Whoſe Canons in the forge ſhall then bear date
When Mules their Coſin-Germanes generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſſe go yok'd in the ſame plough:
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſſe*; *Brook's* Preacher, he
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity.
Water & earth make but one globe, a Roundhead
Is Clergy-Lay *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Diſguiſe.

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe, (eyes?
Which who but ſees, blaſphemes thee with his
My twins of light within their pent-houſe ſhrink,
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh for a State-diſtinction, to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign.

What

What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.
His muffled feature ſpeaks him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royall ſtamp.
Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Egyptian for his Caſſock skin
Spun of his Countrey's darkneſſe, line't within,
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod ſable, foggy ignorance.
Nor bodily nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This Privie-chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the Cloſe mourner of thy Royalty.
'Twill break the circle of thy Jailors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Miniſter of thy Perſon owns,
VVill fine thee for Dilapidations.
Like to a martyr'd Abbeys courſer doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon room:
Or like the Colledge, by the changeling rabble,
Manchesters Elves; transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacriledge of thine attire.

By

By which th'art half depos'd, thou look'ſt like one
Whoſe looks are under Sequeſtration.
Whoſe Renegado form, at the firſt glance,
Shews like the ſelf-denying Ordinance.
Angell of light, and darkneſſe too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without.
Majeſtick twilight in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
A Pſalm of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun wears Midnight, day is beetle-brow'd,
And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud.
Oh the accurſt Stenography of fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be
That ſhrinks his raies to this Apoſtaſie?
It is no ſubtile film of tiffany ayr,
No Cob-web vizard, ſuch as Ladies wear,
When they are veyl'd, on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſht skreen:
Nor the falſe ſcabberd of a Princes tough
Metall, and three pil'd darkneſſe like the ſlough
Of an impriſoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick*-Caſtle-Vote
Rang *Britains* Curfeu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantaſtick fetters:

Cloaths

Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
Sure they would fit the Body Politique.
False beard enough, to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot:
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y'are not i'th' preſence, though the King be there.
A Libell is his dreſſe, a garb uncouth,
Such as the * *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling Aſſaſſinate, thy lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant Beaſt,
Whoſe wrath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow curſe.
The Laplanders when they would ſell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phraſe, and bind
It to the Barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, and brings the Collick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious ſcar,
Nor ſink thy skuller with a Man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Si quis*, and this ſlandering ſuit,
Both do alike in picture execute.
But ſince w'are all call'd Papiſts, why not date,
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate.
As Temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraitures, to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clark of this Cloſet to your Majeſty;

Mc

Me thinks in this your dark myſterious dreſſe
I ſee the Goſpell coucht in Parables.
At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes
And ſhews Religion in its dusky types.
Such a Text Royall, ſo obſcure a ſhade
VVas *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.
Come all ye brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupillage;
You that damn more, then ever *Sampſon* ſlew,
And with his engine, the ſame jaw-bone too:
How is't he 'ſcapes your Inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles Livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewells with your Briſtoll-ſenſe:
And Characters, like VVitches, ſo torment,
Till they confeſſe a guilt, though innocent.
Keyes for this Coffer you can never get,
None but S. *Peter*'s ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whoſe aſpect would benight
Critick ſpectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen, is leaſt: VVhat Scriptures call
The Revelation, is moſt myſticall.
Mount then thou ſhadow royall, and with haſt
Advance thy morning ſtar, *Charles*'s overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange journey, contradictions twiſt,
And force fair weather from a Scottiſh miſt.
Heavens Confeſſors are pos'd, thoſe ſtar-ey'd ſages
To interpret Eclipſe, thus riding ſtages.

Thus

Thus *Iſrael*-like, he travells with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him, and a ſhroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted ſhoos.

The Rebell Scot.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew!
Then Madam, nature wears black patches too:
What? ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward; I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Countrey ſick of *Pym's* diſeaſe
By Scotch invaſion? to be made a prey
To ſuch Pig-wiggin *Myrmidons* as they?
But that there's charm in verſe, I would not quote
The name of *Scot*, without an Antidote;
Unleſſe my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyſon too.
Were I a drowſie Judge, whoſe diſmall note
Diſgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I [in Sir Emp'ricks tone]
Speak Pills in phraſe, and quack deſtruction:

Or roar like *Marſhall*, that *Genevah* Bull,
Hell and damnation a pulpit full:
Yet to expreſſe a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe mouth-Granadoes can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt (like *Hocus*) ſwallow daggers firſt.
Come keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
Help ye tart Satyriſts, to imp my rage,
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch til the bloud come; they'l not hurt you then.
Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites, at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo; yet not cheat your eyes,
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſſe Nation
Foſters no Venome, ſince the Scots plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd Antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The Scot that kept the Tower, might have ſhown
(Within the grate of his own breſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther; and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt.
The honeſt High-ſhoes, in their Termly Fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſſe,
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe:

A Land, that brings in queſtion and ſuſpenſe
Gods omnipreſence, but that *Charles* came thence:
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyall Band
Atton'd their ſins, and chriſt'ned half the Land:
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a pict re, where the ſquinting paint
Shews Fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twilight of his Fancy's theam,
Scar'd from his ſins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Proſelite.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment! (doom,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they ſpread, and as Infection flie,
As if the Divell had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis, they live at Rovers; and defie
This or that place, Rags of Geography.
They're Citizens o'th World; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the Mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad,
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in Beard:
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd.)

No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
Their *Eſtrich-ſtomacks* make their *ſwords* their *meat*:
Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their Belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choice;
The Serpent's fatal ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North-poſture of the patient ſeize,
Like Leeches: thus they phyſically thirſt
After our bloud, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th' ſcore,
To purchaſe Villanage, as once before,
When an Act paſt, to ſtroak them on the head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
Nor gold, nor Acts of Grace; 'tis ſteel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: A Prince that would reclame
Rebells by yeelding, doth like him, (or worſe)
Who ſadled his own back to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you gave your leaner ſoil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with Ægypts ſpoil?
They are the Goſpels Life-guard; but for them,
The Garriſon of new Jeruſalem,
What would the Brethren do? the Cauſe! the cauſe!
Sack poſſets, and the Fundamentall Laws!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food, and rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſſe, and their Cook.

Unmask

Unmask them well; their honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their Titles, and their money poize,
A Laird & twenty pound pronounc'd with noiſe,
When conſtrued, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two-pence; and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and Devotion:
You ſcandall to the ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſme, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The Indian that heaven did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what Scots in hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between.
My Muſe hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil, ſhould I pick their bones.
That diſh is his: for when the Scots deceaſe,
Hell like their Nation feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-Tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solund-Gooſe.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? what? shal the cheeks of Fame;
Stretcht wth the breath of learned *Lowdõs* name,
Be flag'd again? and that great piece of sence,
As rich in Loyalty, as Eloquence,
Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The Devill sure such language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-fore-warned Grandam *Eve*,
As this Impostor found out, to besot
Th' experienc'd *English*, to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sence?
The Commons Argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt, persistance in one good
Would spoil the Fabrick of your Brotherhood,
Projected first in such a forge of sin,
Was fit for the grand Devills hammering?
Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
The infamie this super-treason brings,
Blasts more then murders of *your sixty Kings*.
A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,
Those hold with this no competition.
Kings only suffer'd then, in this doth lie
Th' Assasination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this sin no one step can be trod,
If not t' attempt deposing of your God.

Oh

Oh were you ſo ingag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
Til you were ſhrivel'd to duſt; and your cold Land
Parcht to a drought, beyond the *Lybian* ſand!
But 'tis reſerv'd, and til heaven plague you worſe,
Be Objects of an Epidemick curſe.
Firſt, may your brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your pow'r hath bauded, ceaſe to count you friends;
And prompted by the dictate of their reaſon,
Reproach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *treaſõ*.
And may their Jealouſies increaſe and breed,
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed*.
In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of Infamy;
Till forc'd by generall hate, you ceaſe to rome
The world, and for a plague go live at home:
Till you reſume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg, where none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a generall Hoſpitall.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day;
But, as a Guerdon for your traiterous War,
Live cheriſht only by the Northern Star.
No ſtranger deign to viſit your rude Coaſt,
And be to all, but baniſht men, as loſt.
And ſuch in height'ning of th' infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes ſend them all to you.

Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But Power, your Lives and Liberties may awe.
No Subject 'mongſt you keep a quiet breaſt,
But each man ſtrive through bloud to be the beſt;
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought,
By your own ſword our juſt revenge be wrought.
To ſum up all----let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocriſie:
Untill, when *Charles* ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *Good* and *Juſt*;
HE ſav'd; incenſed Heaven may have forgot
T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;
Unleſſe that *Scot* deny himſelf, and do
(Whats eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertiſmus.

O That I could but vote my ſelf a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative knack to do it!
Or, like the Doctors Militant, could get
Dub'd at adventures Verſer Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my Rimes
Their own Antipodes, and track the times:
Faces about, ſaies the *Remonſtrant* ſpirit;
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit:
Huntington-colt, that pos'd the Sage Recorder,
Might be a Sturgeon now, and paſſe by Order:

Had

Had I but *Elſing's* gift (that ſplay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another:
Could I but write a-ſquint; then (Sir) long ſince
You had been ſung, *A Great and Glorious Prince.*
I had obſerv'd the Language of the daies;
Blaſphem'd you; and then Periwig'd the Phraſe
With humble ſervice, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bels which ring backward in this great combuſtion.
I had revil'd you, and without offence,
The Literall, and *Equitable Sence*
Would make it good: when all fails, that wil do't;
Sure that diſtinction cleft the Devill's foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highneſs pleaſe
To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles;
Interpret Counter, what is Croſſe rehears'd:
Libells are commendations, when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optique Glaſſe contracts the ſight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
But you're inchanted, Sir; you're doubly free
From the great Guns, and ſquibbing Poetry:
Whom neither Bilbo, nor Invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainſt th' Artillery of Verſes.
Strange! that the Muſes cannot wound your Mail;
If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the Bonny *Beſſes*
Supplied the bow-ſtrings with their twiſted treſſes,
Your ſpels could ne're have fenc'd you: ev'ry arrow
Had launc'd your noble breſt: & drunk the marrow:

For

For beauty, like white powder makes no noiſe;
And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroyes.
Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids, and ſuch
Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Eſſex*! is it not a ſhame
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkiſh Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? may ſhe be
Raviſh'd by *Charles*, rather then ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a Green-ſickneſſe-Girle,
Feed'ſt thou on coals and dirt? a Gelding Earl
Gives no more reliſh to thy Female Palat,
Then to that Aſſe did once the Thiſtle-Sallat.
Then quit the barren Theme; and all at once
Thou and thy ſiſters like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum, *Rupert?* one
Whoſe name is wit's Superfœtation.
Makes fancy, like et rnitie's round womb,
Unite all Valour, preſent, paſt, to come.
He, who the old Philoſophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of ſouls
He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
The wonders of their Age, conſtellate here.
And as the elder ſiſters growth and ſence
(Souls Paramount themſelves) in man commence
But faculties of reaſons Queen; no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before.

Ingre-

Ingredients of his vertue thread the Beads
Of *Cæsar's* Acts, great *Pompey's* and the Sweds:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Rupert's* hand,
By which that vast *Triumvirate* is span'd.
Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
How long the world shal live, & when't shal bleed.
Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath:
For nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whose store,
The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z. flea of the place
That tips their Anklets for the Calf of Stace;
Let the zeal twanging Nose, that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
Yes, and the Gossips spoon augment the sum,
Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
Which their self-wants paies in commuting pelf.
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with you.
As he, who in his character of light
Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipse so glorious; (light is dim,
And a black nothing, when compar'd to him:)
So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foil,
And a just Trophee to be made his spoil.

I'le

I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* ſleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild Hall* Creed beleeve;
The Conqueſts which the Common-Councel hears
With their wide liſt'ning mouths from the great (Peers,
That ran away in triumph: ſuch a Foe
Can make them victors in their overthrow.
Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage ſo poiz'd with circumſpection,
That he revives the quarrell once again
Of the ſouls throne, whether in heart or brain;
And leaves it a drawn match: whoſe fervour can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His Trumpet, like the Angell's at the laſt,
Makes the ſoul riſe by a miraculous blaſt.
'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in ſhape of man
(As 't was defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous Land contain,
The left ſhould be a Channell to the main:
His ſpirit might inform th' Amphibious figure;
Yet ſtraight-lac'd ſweats for a Dominion bigger:
The terrour of whoſe name can out of ſeven,
(Like *Falſtaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
By being ſlain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confeſſe no loſſe of men;
For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen.
They fear the Giblets of his train; they fear
Even his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier*:

He

He that devours the *ſcraps*, which *Lundsford* makes,
Whoſe picture feeds upon a child in ſtakes:
Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
'Gainſt whom they've ſeverall Articles in ſouſe;
Firſt, that he barks againſt the fence o'th Houſe.
Reſolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower ſtraight;
Either to th' Lions, or the Biſhops Grate.
Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th tail:
But there the Siſterhood will be his Bail,
At leaſt the Counteſſe will, *Luſt's Amſterdam*,
That lets in all religious of the game.
Thirdly, he ſmells Intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, then *Pym's* from his own Letter:
Who's doubly pai'd (fortune or we the blinder?)
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
Laſtly, he is a Divel without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therfore ſcore up one for conjuring. (quarter!
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O Quarter,
I'me but an Inſtrument, a meer S. *Arthur*.
If I muſt hang, O let not our fates vary,
Whoſe office 'tis alike to fetch, and carry.
No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuite, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a Devill, as the Rebell fears,
I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peers.

There

There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! ſt! 'tis nought
Whate're th' Accuſers cry, they're at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Then when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labells but annex'd to him we ſee,
Enjoy a copyhold of Victory.
S. *Peters* ſhadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is ſuch,
'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as much.
He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Cannons do but liſp and complement.
Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get this *Perſeus:* hence the fatall power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled: bullets thus alli'd,
Fear to commit an act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confeſſe,
Thou art the greater world, and that the leſſe.
Scatter th' accumulative King; untruſs
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Velam-ears;
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe (and a modeſt Word)
Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
Your name can ſcare an Athieſt to his prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better then the bears.
Old *Sybill* charms the Tooth-ach with you: *Nurſe*
Makes you ſtil children; nay & the pond'rous curſe
The Clowns ſalute with, is deriv'd from you;
(*Now* Rupert *take thee, Rogue; how doſt thou do?*)

In

In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earle of Strafford.

HEre lies Wiſe and Valiant Duſt,
Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Juſt:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt Treaſon and Convenience.
He ſpent his time here in a Miſt;
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*.
His Prince's neareſt Joy, and Grief.
He had, yet wanted all Relief.
The Prop and Ruine of the State;
The people's violent Love, and Hate:
One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd.
Riddles lie here; or in a word,
Here lies Bloud; and let it lie
Speechleſſe ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphi-

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, &c.

Exurge Cinis, tuumq; ſolus qui potis es, ſcribe Epitaphiũ :
Nequit Wentworthi *non eſſe facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem capiſti comprehendere,
Macte & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna, quàm quod rubris
Notatum eſt literis, Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hîc jacet laſſus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, *& Virtutum, Comes:*
Mens Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis;
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ſeipſam* Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonicum, quo ſub rubicundâ veſperâ occidente,
Nox ſimul & dies viſa eſt: dextróque oculo flevit,
Lævoque lætata eſt Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itémque Scena calamitoſa virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidiâ,
Quæ ternis animoſa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.
Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel ſic) multorum Capitum:
Merces favoris Scotici, præter pecunias:
Erubuit ut tetigit ſecuris,
Similem quippe nunquam deguſtavit ſanguinem.
Monſtrum narro: fuit tam infenſus Legibus,
Ut priùs Legem, quàm nata foret, violavit:
Hunc tamen non ſuſtulit Lex,
Verùm Neceſſitas, non habens Legem.
Abi Viator, cætera memorabunt poſteri.

On

On the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muſe to give my paſſion vent,
He brews his tears that ſtudies to lament.
Verſe chymically weeps, that pious rain
Diſtili'd with Art, is but the ſweat o'th' brain.
Who ever ſob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by ſoft diviſion?
'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not *Buſhells* Wells can match a Poets eyes
In wanton water-works: hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the Sphears.
But when he mourns at diſtance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the Fare is publique, we may call
It *Britains* Veſpers, *Englands* Funerall.
Who hath a Penſill to expreſſe the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, waſhing off the paint?
There is no learning but what tears ſurround
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that ſhee's increaſt to none;
Like an Hydropick body ful of Rhewms,
Firſt ſwells into a bubble, then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a trance,
And by a Law dough-bak't, an Ordinance.

The *Lyturgy*, whoſe doom was voted next,
Died as a Comment upon him the text.
There's nothing lives, life is ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnall Lucubration.
Thus you have ſeen deaths inventory read
In the ſum totall----*Canterburie's dead*,
A ſight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himſelf a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beaſt of ours,
(That which *Agena*-like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow brackiſh from their ſouls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their ſin.
Mean time no ſqualid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder fate with noble ſmiles.
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled ſtreams
Shines in his ſhowers as if he wept his beams.
How could ſucceſſe ſuch villanies applaud?
The ſtate in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publike rage, adjudg'd to die,
For Treaſons they ſhould act, by Prophecy.
The facts were done before the Laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was play'd.
Be dull great ſpirits, and forbear to climbe,
For worth is ſin, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* ſteeple ſtand awry.

On I. W. *A. B. of* York.

SAy, my young Sophiſter, what think'ſt of this?
Chimera's reall; *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Gooſe agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruſpex* quickly; let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet,
To purifie the place, for ſure the harms
This monſter will produce, tranſcend his Charms.
'Tis Natures Maſter-piece of errour, this;
And redeems whatever ſhe did amiſs,
Before, from wonder and reproach, this laſt
Legitimateth all her by-blows paſt.
Loe here a Generall Metropolitan,
An Arch-Prelatique Presbyterian.
Behold his pious Garbs, Canonique Face,
A zealous *Epiſcopo-maſtix* Grace;
A fair blew-apron'd Prieſt, a Lawn-ſleev'd brother,
One Leg a Pulpit holds, a Tub the other.
Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' Apoſtate once more Chriſtian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of ſhapes by a Succeſſion;
Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:

Theſe ſpeak him not; but if you'l name him right,
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.
His head i'th ſanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks th' abominable Mite faſt,
He ſtill retains the *Lordſhip* and the *Grace*,
And yet has got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying Altars down, to ſacrifice
To private malice; where you might have ſeen
His conſcience holocauſted to his ſpleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did ſhare
Thy greateſt honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and ſtore.
Alas! thine own ſon proves the Forreſt-boar;
And like the Dam-deſtroying Cuckow, he,
When the thick ſhell of his Welſh pedigree,
By thy warm foſt'ring bounty did divide
And open, ſtrait thence ſprung forth parricide:
As if 'twas juſt revenge ſhould be diſpatcht
In thee, by th'Monſter, which thy ſelf hadſt hatcht.
Deſpair not though; in Wales there may be got,
As well as Lincolnſhire an antidote,
'Gainſt the foul'ſt venom he can ſpit, though's head
Were chang'd from ſubtill gray to poys'nous red.
Heaven with propitious eys will look upon
Our party, now the curſed thing is gone;
And chaſtiſe Rebells, who nought elſe did miſs
To fill the meaſure of their ſins, but his;

Whole

Whoſe foul unparallel'd apoſtaſie,
Like to his ſacred character, ſhall be
Indelible; when ages then of late
More happy grown, with moſt impartiall fate,
A period to his daies and time ſhall give,
He by ſuch Epitaphs as this ſhall live.

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid,*
Who Gods Anointed, *and his* Church *betraid,*

Marke Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Veſpers,
And the wild Foreſter couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in th'Evening whiſpers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roſes crown'd:
Where ſhe before had ſent
My wiſhes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

Firſt on her cherry cheeks I mine eys feaſted,
Then fear of ſurfeiting made me retire:
Next on her warm lips, which when I taſted,
My duller ſpirits made active as fire.
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrows that knew no ſmart:
Sweet lips and ſmiles between.
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glaſſe to plate her amber treſſes,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm;
Gawdier then *Juno* wears, when as ſhe graces
Jove with embraces more ſtately then warm.
Then did ſhe peep in mine
Eyes humour Chryſtalline;
I in her eyes was ſeen,
As if we one had been.
Never Mark, &c.

Myſticall Grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulſes the Phyſick of Love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Muſicall Dances;
Numbring of kiſſes Arithmetick prove.
Eyes like Aſtronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are ſharp and keen.
Never Mark, &c.

The Authors Mock-Song to Marke Anthony.

WHen as the Night-raven ſung Pluto's Matins
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at a houl.
When night-wandring Witches put on their pattins,
Midnight as dark as their faces are foul:
Then did the furies doom
That the night-mare was come;
Such a miſ-ſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did Incubus
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blaſted;
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller then Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an uſhers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſſe what I mean.
Never did Incubus
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Like Snakes ingendring were plated her treſſes,
Or like the ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy ale;
Uglier then Envy wears, when ſhe confeſſes
Her head is periwig'd with adders tail.
But as ſoon as ſhe ſpake,
I heard a harſh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my miſtake,
Her head is Epicœne.
Never did, &c:

Myſticall Magick of conjuring wrinckles,
Feeling of puiſes, the Palmeſtry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick* twinckles,
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.
Rainbows about her eys,
And her noſe weather-wiſe,
From them th' Almanack lies,
Froſt, Pond, and Rivers clean.
Never did, &c.

THE

E

THE CHARACTER OF A London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a puny Chronicle, ſcarce pin-feather'd with the wings of time: It is an Hiſtory in *Sippets*; the Engliſh *Iliads* in a Nut-ſhell; the *Apocryphal* Parliaments book of *Maccabees* in ſingle ſheets. It would tire a Welch pedigree, to reckon how many aps 'tis remov'd from an Annall: For it is of that Extract; only of the younger Houſe, like a Shrimp to a Lobſter. The *originall ſinner* in this kind was Dutch; *Galliobelgicus* the *Protoplaſt*; and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans-en-Kelders*. The Counteſſe of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an Almanack, as many Children, as daies in the year. It may be the *Legiſlative Lady* is of that Linage; ſo ſhe ſpawns the *Diurnals*, and they at *Weſtminſter*, take them in Adoption, by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britanicus*. In the Frontiſpice of the old *Beldame-Diurnall*, like the Con-

Contents of the Chapter, ſits the Houſe Commons judging the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*. You may call them the Kingdoms Anatomy before the weekly Kalender: For ſuch is a *Diurnall*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the Commonwealth. 'Tis taken for the pulſe of the Body politike; and the Emperick Divines of the Aſſembly, thoſe ſpirituall *Dragooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopſis*; and thoſe grave *Rabbies* (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The country-Carrier, when he buyes it for the Vicar, miſcalls it the *Urinall*: yet properly enough; for it caſts the water of the State, ever ſince it ſtaled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devill and his Exorciſt; or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whoſe office is to unravell her inchantments.

It begins uſually with an Ordinance, which is a Law ſtill-born, dropt, before quickned by the Royall Aſſent: 'Tis one of the Parliaments by-blowes, (Acts being legitimate) & hath no more Syre then a Spaniſh Gennet, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the iſſue only of the mother, without the concourſe of Royall *Iupiter*. Yet Law it is, if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentalls*; like the old *Sexton*, who ſwore his Clock went true, what ever the Sun ſaid to the contrary.

The

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is plots, horrible plots; which with wonderfull ſagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Cauſes, before *Materia prima* can put on her ſmock. How many ſuch fits of the mother have troubled the Kingdoms, and (for all Sir *Walter Erle* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of ſo much as a cuſhion! But Actors muſt have their Properties; And, ſince the Stages were voted down, the onely Play-houſe is at *Weſtminſter*.

Sutable to their plots are their Informers, *Skippers* and *Tailors*; Spaniells both for the Land and the Water: *Good conſcionable Intelligence!* For, however *Pym*'s Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honeſt Vermine have not ſo much for lying as the *publike Faith*.

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Moorfields*, while he was contriving ſome *Quirpo-cut* of Church-Government, by the help of his out-lying Eares, and the *Otacouſticon* of the Spirit, diſcovered ſuch a plot, that *Selden* intends to combate Antiquity, and maintain it was a Taylors Gooſe that preſerved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-betrayted for dealing with the Lions, to ſettle the *Commiſſion of Array* in the Tower. It would do well to cramp the Articles Dormant, beſides the opportunity of reforming thoſe

Beaſts

Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their prophaner names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a Corn-cutter, being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his Brows, mistaking the one end for the other; because he branches at both. This would be a plot; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this Scale of Votes.

Resolved upon the Question, that this Act of the Corn-cutters was an absolute Invasion of the Cities Charter, in the *representative* Forehead of *Isaac*. Resolved, that the evill Councellours about the Corn-cutter are Popishly affected, and Enemies to the State. Resolved, that there be a publique Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of *Isaac's* Brow-antlers; and a solemn Covenant drawn up, to defie the Corn-cutter, and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this Age fight with the Windmills of their own heads; quell Monsters of their own creation, make plots, and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennell the Fox, then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their Adventures; the *Roundheads* Legend, the Rebells Romance; stories of a larger size, then the Ears of their Sect; able to strangle the belief of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le present them in their Order; and first, as a Whiffe-

Whiffler before the ſhow, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the firſt, travers'd his ground, made a leg and *Exit*. The Countrey-people took him for one, that by Order of the Houſes was to dance a Morice through the Weſt of *England*. Well, hee's a nimble Gentleman, ſet him but upon *Banks* his Horſe in a ſaddle Rampant, and it is a great queſtion, which part of the Centaur ſhews better tricks.

There was a Vote paſſing to tranſlate him, with all his Equipage into Monumentall-Ginger-bread; but it was croſs'd by the Female-Committee, alledging that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues.

This Cubit and an half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnall*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: 'tis ſtrange you'l ſay, and yet it is generally believed, he would as ſoon do it at that diſtance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his ſword, for which the weapon ſalve was invented: that ſo wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the ſame removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope. Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Wallers* Knight-errantry: and, becauſe every *Mountibank* muſt have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haſlerigge*, to ſet off his ſtory: theſe two like *Bel* and the *Dragon*, are alwaies worſhipped in the ſame Chapter: they hunt in their Couples, what

what one doth at the head, the other ſcores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Pſalms, with another to the ſame; one chimes all in, and then the other ſtrikes up, as the Saints-bell.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hoptons* ſoul took the Leaſe of his body.

Firſt, *Stamford* ſlew him: then *Waller* out-killed that half a Bar: and yet it is thought the ſullen corps would ſcarce bleed, were both theſe Man-ſlayers never ſo near it.

The fame goes of a Dutch-Heads-man, that he would do his office with ſo much eaſe and dexterity, that the Head after execution ſhould ſtand ſtil upon the ſhoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like kanck too; moſt of thoſe, whom the *Diurnal* hath ſlain for him, to us poor Mortals ſeem untoucht.

Thus theſe Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning, that melts the Sword, and never ſinges the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whoſe Lady is the *Conqueror*; This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls Delight*; he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commiſſion: for, he ſtalks with *Eſſex*, and ſhoots under his belly, becauſe his Oxcellency himſelf is not

not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: tranſlate but the Scene to *Round-away-down*: There *Haſlerigg*'s Lobſters were turned into Crabs, and crawl'd backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for a uſe of conſolation.

But the *Diurnal* is weary of an arm of Fleſh, and now begins an *Hoſanna* to *Crumwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean thorow the Old Teſtament: you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour by the names in his Regiment. The Muſter-maſter uſes no other Liſt then the firſt Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themſelves entertain ſuch an Army of *Hebrews*? This *Crumwel* is never ſo valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Aſſociation; which nevertheleſs he doth ſomewhat ominouſly, with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomet's* Pigeon to come and prompt him. He ſhould be a bird of Prey too, by his bloody beak: his Noſe is able to try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that gliſters. What we wonder at in the reſt of them, is natural to him, To kill without blood-ſhed: for, moſt of his Trophees are in a Church-window; when a Looking-glaſs would ſhew him more Superſti-

tion. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own countenance. If he deal with Men, it is when he takes them napping in an old Monument: Then down goes duſt and aſhes: and the ſtouteſt Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver*? Times Voider, Sub-ſizer to the Worms; in whom Death, that formerly devoured our Anceſtors, now chews the Cud. He ſaid Grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marqueſs of *Newcaſtle*: Nay, and the *Diurnal* gave you his bill of Fare: but it proved a running-Banquet, as appears by the ſtory. Believe him as he whiſtles to his *Cambridge*-Teem of Committee-men, and he doth Wonders. But Holy men (like the Holy Language) muſt be read backwards. They rifle Colledges, to promote Learning; and pull down Churches, for Edification. But Sacriledge is intailed upon him: There muſt be a *Cromwel* for Cathedrals, as well as Abbeys. A ſecure ſinner, whoſe offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For, How can he be hanged for Church-robbery, which gives it ſelf the benefit of the Clergie?

But for all *Cromwel*'s Noſe wears the Dominical letter, yet, compared to *Mancheſter*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an Holy-day. This, this is the man of God; ſo ſanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blaſphemy to his *Lord of hoſts*, would ſtile him the *Archangel*, giving

giving Battel to the Devil.

Indeed, as the Angels, each of them makes a ſeveral *ſpecies*; ſo every one of his Souldiers is a diſtinct Church. Had theſe Beaſts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzled *Noah* to have ſorted them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of Sand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an Aſſociation.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in Underſtanding. It is the ſign of a Coward, to *wink*, and *fight*; yet all their Valour proceeds from their *Ignorance*.

But I wonder whence their General's purity proceeds: it is not by Traduction. If he was begotten a Saint, it was by Equivocal generation: for the Devil in the father, is turn'd Monk in the ſon: ſo his Godlineſs is of the ſame parentage with good Laws; both extracted out of bad Manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to Corruption, Thou art my *Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdoms eyes, by clouding our Mother-Univerſity; and (if this Scotch miſt further prevail) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame *Optick nerve*, *Knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebel! who will be revenged upon all Learning, becauſe

his Treaſon is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnal*, as yet, hath not talkt much of his Victories; but there is the more behinde: For the Knight muſt always beat the Giant: that's reſolv'd. If any thing fall out amiſs, which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw: it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh* Fleet, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſs out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets, that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*; as *Brereton* and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his Petty-toes; ſuch ſniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembles the beaſt, he would have oddes of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible ſlaughter-man at a Thankſgiving-Dinner: had he been a *Cannibal*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonal, but (as the *State-Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the Houſe he ſate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble crutch to a declining Cauſe; a new Branch of the old Oak of *Reformation*. And

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *vous avez Fox* the Tinker, the livelieſt Embleme of it that may be: For, what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole, they made three.

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will cloſe up all, thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*; who, thinking he had ſlain all three of his Enemies, found them at laſt but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and ſo empty, are the Triumphs of a *Diurnal*; but ſo many impoſthumated Fancies, ſo many Bladders of their own blowing.

The Character of a *Country*-COMMITTEE-MAN, With the Ear-mark of a SEQUESTRATOR.

A Committee-man by his name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed, ther's number enough in the compellation to make an Epithite for Legion; he is *perſona in concreto* (to borrow the Soleciſme of a modern Stateſman) you may tranſlate it by the red bull phraſe and ſpeak as properly, enter ſeven devills *ſolus*, It is a well truſt title that contains both the number and the beaſt. For a Committee-man is a noun of Multitude, he muſt be ſpelled with figures, like Antichriſt wrapped in a paire Royal of Sixes, thus the name is as monſtrous as the man, a compleat notion of the ſame linnage with accumulative treaſon: for his office, it is the reſurrection of the Ileptarchy or *England* fritters, it is

the broken meat of a Crumbling Prince, onely the Royalty is greater, for it is here, as in the miracle of Loaves the voyder exceeds the Bill of fare, the Pope and he rings the Changes; here is a plurality of Crowns to one head, joyne them together and ther's harmony in diſcord, the tripple crowned Turn-Key of Heaven, with the tripple headed porter of hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regal Government, but like holy reliques he out-bulks the ſubſtance whereof he is a remnant, ther's a ſcore of Kings in a Committee as in the reliques of the Croſſe, ther's the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannical Beade-Roule by which the Kingdome prays backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every Curſe drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be wayved whoſe conducing clemency aggravates the deſection, and make *Nero* the queſtion, better a *Nero* then a Committee. Ther's leſſe execution by a ſingle bullet then by caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committee-man is a party coloured Officer, he muſt be drawn like *Janus* with Croſs and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country, look upon him Martially and he is a Juſtice of War; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *quorum* to the beſt

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Commanders, he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he ſhares in the Government, though a Non-conformiſt to his bleeding Rubick, he is the like Sectary in Arms as the Platonick is in love, keep a flattering in diſcourſe but proves haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers and yet of his flock, it is an Emblem of the golden age (and ſuch indeed he makes it) to him, when ſo tame a Pigeon may commerce with Vulters. Me thinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandiliers dangling about a furd Alderman, have an Anagrame reſemblance, ther's no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a helmet, who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand-Jury, and a *billa vera*: It is a left-handed Garriſon where their authority perches. but the more prepoſterous the more in faſhion; the right-hand fights while the left rules the Reines, the Truth is the Souldier, and the Gentlemen are like *Don-Quicchott* and *Sancho Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchaſe the other the Government of the Iſland. A Committee-man properly ſhould be the Governour's Matroſſe to fit his truckle, and to new-ſtring him with ſinnews of War for his chief uſe, to raiſe aſſeſſements in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country-people being like an Iriſh Cow, that will not give down her milke unleſs ſhe ſee her

her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garriſons dry Nurſe. he chews their contribution before he feeds them, ſo the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus* by picking the teeth of this fated Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is ſo preternatural, that it is rather a vizard then a face *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aſpect, his face of Arms is like his *Coate partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman much of a ſcantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a ſqueezing look like that of *Veſpaſianus*, as if he were breeding over a cloſe-ſtoole. Take him thus and he is the Inquiſition of the purſe; an Authentick Gypſie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance. not a murthered fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor. He is the ſpleen of the body politick that ſwels it ſelf to the Conſumption of the whole, at at firſt indeed he ferretted for the Parliament, but ſince be hath got off his Cope, he ſet up for himſelf, he lives upon the ſins of the people, and that's a good ſtanding-diſh too, he verifies the Axiom *Eiſdem nutriter ex quibus componiter*, his dyet it ſuitable to his conſtitution. I have wondered often why the plundered Country-men ſhould repair to him for ſuccor, certainly it is under

der the ſame notion as one whoſe pockets are pickt goes to *Mol-Cutpurſe* as the predominant in that faculty.

He out-dives a Dutch-man, gets a noble of him that was never worth ſix pence, for the pooreſt eſcape not, but Dutch-like he will be dreyning even in the drieſt ground, he Aliens a Delinquents Eſtate with as little remorſe as his other holineſs gives away an Hereticks Kingdome, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of Infallability. Lye is the Grand Sallad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and High-Commiſſion; for thoſe Courts are not extinct, they ſurvive in him like Dollary changed into ſingle moneys. To ſpeak the truth he's the univerſal tribunal: For ſince theſe times all cauſes fall to his Cognizance, as in a great infection all diſeaſes oft turn to the Plague. It concerns our Maſters the Parliament to look about them, if he proceeds at this rate, the Jack may come to ſwallow the Pike; as the Intereſt often eats out the Principal. As his commands are great ſo he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is very punctual in exacting your hat, and to ſay right, it is his due; but by the ſame title as the upper garment is the vails of the executioners. There was a time when ſuch cattle would have hardly been taken upon ſuſpicion for men

in

in office, unleſs the old Poverb were renewed, that beggers make a free Company, and thoſe their Wardens. You may ſee what it is to hang together, look upon them ſeverally, and you cannot but fumble for ſome thrids of charity; But oh they are Tarmagants in conjunction! like Fidlers who are rogues when they go ſingle; and joyned in conſort, gentlemen Muſitioners. I care not much if I untwiſt my Committee-man, and ſo give him the receipt of this grand Catholican. Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the exciſe of his ears, ſo ſuffered Captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive freeholder, One that hates the King, becauſe he is a Gentleman tranſgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of delving *Adam*. Adde to theſe a mortified Bankerupt that helps out his falſe Weights with ſome ſcruples of Conſcience, and with his peremptory ſcales can doome his Prince with a *Mene tecall*. Theſe with a new blew-ſtocking'd Juſtice lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a ſhort-handed Clerk tack't to the Reare of him to carry the Knapſack of his underſtanding, together with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whoſe Religion like their Gentility is the Extract of their Acres, being therefore ſpiritual, becauſe they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whoſe corruption

gives

gives the *Hogan* to the ſincere Junćto. Theſe are the ſimples of this pretious Compound, a kinde of Dutch hotch-potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a ſetter height, a Sequeſtrator; of whom you may ſay, as of the great Sultans horſe, Where he treads the graſs growes no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the Publique, but feeds himſelf, the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorants property, a rope to ſtrengthen the gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devils Nuthooke, the ſigne with him is alwaies in the clutches. Ther's more Monſters retaine to him, then to all the limbs in Anatomie. 'Tis ſtrange Phyſitians do not apply him to the ſoles of the feet in a deſparate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here's all the difference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poets deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane viſage. Death it ſelfe cannot quit ſcores with him. Like the Demoniack in the Goſpel he lives among Tombes, nor is all the holy-water ſhed by Widdows and Orphans a ſufficient Exorciſm to diſpoſſeſs him. Thus the Cat ſucks

your

your breath, and the Fiend your blood; Nor can the Brotherhood of Witchfinders ſo ſagely inſtituted with all their terrour, wean the Familiars.

But once more to ſingle out my imboſt Committee-man, his Fate (for I know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations; and ſo the ſpunge weeps out the moiſture which he ſoaked before; Or elſe he meets his paſſing peale in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garriſon; For the Hedge-ſparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he miſtakes his Commons and bite off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his deſert: for what is obſerved of ſome Creatures, that at the ſame time they trade in productions three ſtories high, ſuckling the firſt, big with the ſecond, and cliketing for the third; A Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his miſchief's ſuperfetation, a certain ſcale of deſtruction; For he ruines the Father, beggars the Son, and ſtrangles the hopes of all poſterity.

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